Thats by me wounded, both our remedies
VVithin thy helpe and holy phisicke lies:
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, findes but ridling shrift.
Rom. Then plainely know my harts deare loue is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine
And all combind, saue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
VVe met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.
Fri. Holy S. *Francis* what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst loue so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Iesu *Maria*, what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season loue that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heauen cleares
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares:
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
VVomen may fall, when thers no strength in men.
Ro. Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.
Fri. For doting, not for louing pupill mine.
Ro. And badst me bury loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now

Doth

Doth grace for grace, and loue f
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that c
But come young wauerer, come
In one respect Ile thy assistant b
For this alliance may so happy p
To turne your housholds ranco
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand
Fri. Wisely and slow, they st

Enter Benuolio
Merc. Where the deu'le shou
home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spok
Mer. Why that same pale har
Torments him so, that he will su
Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to o
his fathers house,
Mer. A challenge on my life
Ben: *Romeo* will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can writ
Ben. Nay, he will answere th
being dared.
Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he
white wenches blacke eye, runn
song, the very pinne of his
bowe-boyes but-shaft, and is
balt?
Rom. Why what is *Tibalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats
taine of Complements: he fights
time distance & proportion, he
& the third in your bosome: the
a dualist a dualist, a Gentleman
first and second cause, ah the im

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